Stories from the land of pratisham

Digital Object Identifier (DOI): [10.17605/OSF.IO/3N8XT]

TITLE: SHE LOVED ME SOFTLY GENRE: Romantic Drama / Emotional Feature FORMAT: Feature-Length Poetic Film Script DURATION: ~1 Hour

---

ACT I: THE QUIET BEGINNING

INT. CLASSROOM – MORNING LIGHT

A boy (16) walks in, tired eyes, messy hair. The room is filled with quiet scribbles. She (also 16), calm and focused, is already seated at the second row. She sees him walk in. He coughs.

She doesn't speak. She slides her water bottle toward him. He pauses, notices. She continues writing as if nothing happened.

BOY (V.O.)
I coughed once. She heard it forever.
She didn't speak. She solved my silence.

INT. LIBRARY TABLE – AFTERNOON

Stacks of books surround them. His lunchbox is open — empty. She unwraps a foil from her bag.

GIRL
You didn't eat again?

BOY

I’m not hungry.

She gently places a piece of roti near him.

GIRL
No. You’re just tired.

He hesitates. She tears the roti, dips it in curry, and hands it to him. He takes it.

BOY (V.O.)
I told her I wasn’t hungry.
She told me I was tired. Then she fed me…
with her heart wrapped in roti.

INT. STUDY ROOM – EVENING

The boy stares at a complicated math problem. He crumples the page in frustration. She enters silently, places a cup of coffee beside him. She sits next to him but doesn’t speak.

BOY (V.O.)
She never solved my equations.
But with her next to me… they never felt unsolvable.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – DAY

He runs in, flustered.

BOY
I forgot my books!

She smiles, reaches into her bag, and hands him a copy of his own textbook — quietly borrowed the day before.

BOY (V.O.)
I forgot my books. She remembered my future.
Some people carry luck — she brought mine,
wrapped in her hands.

POEM 1 – A TRUTH DEEPER THAN LIFE (V.O. montage over scenes)

Life is unfair for some people,
Life is happy for some people.
Life can be tough,
Society doesn't care about you—
It cares about your money.
...
Even if the world never says so.

ACT II: RAIN, REALIZATIONS & RUMORS

EXT. CAMPUS WALKWAY – EVENING

Rain pours. She takes off her coat and places it over his shoulders. He’s surprised.

BOY (V.O.)
I hated being seen as weak.
But she… she made it feel like warmth instead.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – HEALTH CHECK DAY

Students wait in line. Her twin nudges the boy.

TWIN
She only looks at you.

BOY (V.O.)
She never said she liked me.
Her heart did. Louder than she ever would.

INT. ONLINE STUDY SESSION – NIGHT

He sits quietly on a video call. She brings up a topic he loves. He slowly opens up.

BOY (V.O.)
She never forced a word from me.
She simply created space for them to fall out.

POEM 2 – THE TRUTH OF GROWING (V.O. during silent montage of study stress, exams, night tears)

Life is filled with sorrow,
Life can be hard...
What is success without a soul?
What is winning if you're not whole?
This world will test your every breath,
But hold on — rise above regret.

ACT III: THE PAGES I NEVER READ

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM – LATE NIGHT

He finds a small diary tucked in his bag. Curious, he opens it. Her handwriting fills the pages.

DIARY ENTRY (V.O.)
He likes his tea not too hot.
His hands shake when he’s anxious.
He doesn’t realize how strong he is.
Even when he’s silent, I hear him.
If he ever finds this… I hope he knows he was my world, even from row two.

BOY (V.O.)
She was writing me love letters in silence.
And I… never saw the ink until now.

ACT IV: FOOD THAT HEALED

INT. CLASSROOM – RAINY DAY, LUNCH BREAK

He looks pale. She walks in, opens a lunchbox. His favorite meal inside.

GIRL
You need to eat.

She pushes the box to him and returns to reading.

BOY (V.O.)
She didn’t ask if I was hungry.

She already knew my silence was starving.

He eats quietly.

BOY (V.O.)
That wasn't food.
That was a home… in a box, wrapped in her hands.

ACT V: PARENTAL CONFLICT & CHANGE

INT. BOY'S HOUSE – DINNER TABLE

Parents confront him.

FATHER
She's distracting you.

MOTHER
This girl won't help you succeed.

BOY (V.O.)
They saw her as a pause in my life.
But she was the reason I wanted to run forward.

INT. BOY'S ROOM – EVENING

The boy is studying. His mother stands near the doorway, watching quietly.

A few neatly stacked notes lie on his table — dropped off earlier by the girl during school.

His mother glances at the notes, walks in slowly, and places a fresh cup of tea beside them.

MOTHER
He focuses more since she started helping.
And… he studies without resisting.

She walks away.

BOY (V.O.)
She didn't ask to be accepted.
She just showed love until silence melted.
She just showed love until silence melted.

INT. HOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

Mother silently places a cup of tea next to the girl.

MOTHER
He smiles more when you're around. Don't stop being there.

BOY (V.O.)
Love doesn't always fight. Sometimes it simply stays… until hearts soften.

ACT VI: HER WORLD, MY NAME

INT. CAMPUS BENCH – EVENING

Twin sits beside him.

TWIN
Her phone, her room, her dreams — all you.

BOY (V.O.)
I wasn't just someone she liked.
I was the story she retold to her stars.

INT. BOY'S ROOM – HE'S ILL

She brushes his hair, gives him medicine.

BOY (V.O.)
She didn't just love me.
She mothered the parts of me even I had abandoned.

INT. GIRL'S HOUSE – DINNER TABLE

She introduces him.

GIRL
This is the one I'll marry.

Her parents smile. He's speechless.

BOY (V.O.)
I wasn't ready for forever.
But she had been building it, brick by gesture.

ACT VII: THE CONFESSION & THE BEGINNING

EXT. COLLEGE GARDEN – DAY

She kneels, offers a rose and chocolate. He's stunned.

BOY (V.O.)
My world paused. Not because I didn't know...
But because I knew… I'd never deserve it.

He breaks the chocolate in half, gives her one. He returns the rose.

BOY (V.O.)
I gave her back the rose… not because I refused.
But because her love never needed symbols. It was always there.

She cries. He holds her hand.

BOY
Okay. I'm here. I finally see you.

ACT VIII: A SOFT EVER AFTER

EXT. BEACH – SUNSET

They sit together, eating her homemade food.

BOY (V.O.)
She never needed a castle.
She dreamed of a window… where our coffee cups would sit.

INT. THEIR ROOM – PRESENT DAY

He wakes up. She brushes his hair. His mother walks past the door, smiling.

BOY (V.O.)
She loved me before I knew how to love back.
And now, even in silence… I love her louder.

CLOSING TEXT ON SCREEN:

“She didn’t say ‘I love you’ with words. She said it in every act. In every silence. In every spoonful of care.”

POEM 5 – HOPE (Final voiceover during credits)

Hope can be hard to be found,
But if you find hope,
Trust me no one can stop you.
I know that you can do something extraordinary.
Don’t think you’re dumb.
You’re smart in your own way.

[END.]

The Story of Karna

Childhood and Dreams

Karna was born and brought up in Hyderabad. From the very beginning, people misunderstood him. On the surface, he looked lazy, easygoing, and someone who never cared much. But inside, he was sharp, observant, and always full of dreams. Unlike many kids, he never cared about showing off his intelligence. He would rather sit quietly, watch the world, and think.

Growing up, Karna always had big dreams. He wasn't the kind of boy who just followed the crowd. After completing his 10th, while most of his friends thought about engineering or medicine, Karna's heart was somewhere else. He wanted to go into **hotel management**. He loved the idea of interacting with people, learning about food, hospitality, and creating experiences. But life had other plans.

Struggles With Education

When Karna told his parents about hotel management, they did not agree. Like many families in India, they believed only in the "safe" choices: BBA, MBA, or engineering. And so, Karna joined **BBA**. On the outside, he went along with the decision. But inside, he always carried the small pain of a dream left behind.

Then came **Covid**, which shook his education completely. Like thousands of other students, Karna's marks dropped. Online classes, no proper interaction, no motivation — all this took a toll. Still, he managed to push through, completing 11th and 12th, and later continuing his studies.

Karna often felt that the education system never understood students like him. He was intelligent, but not in the traditional way of marks and ranks. He had creativity, presence of mind, and the ability to think differently. Sadly, those qualities are rarely rewarded in a marks-driven world.

Love and Heartbreaks

One thing Karna never hid was his heart. When he loved, he loved completely. He never gave half. Maybe that's why he had so many heartbreaks. His ex-girlfriends would often scold him, doubt him, or walk away. People around him began to assume he was some sort of fraud. But the truth was the opposite — Karna was *too real* for this fake world.

For Karna, trust was everything. If he trusted you, he would stand by you no matter what. That loyalty sometimes became his weakness. Again and again, he gave his all, only to be left empty-handed. But instead of becoming bitter, Karna chose to stay the same — a boy with a big heart who still believes in love.

The Man He Has Become

Now, at 24, Karna has grown wiser. He may not always show it, but he has learned from every struggle. His friends know that if they are in trouble, Karna is the one person who will show up for them, no matter what. He may not be the richest, the most famous, or the most "successful" by society's definition — but he is one of the most **trustworthy** people you can ever meet.

And yet, it still hurts him sometimes that the world doesn't see it. People judge him, misunderstand him, or fail to believe in him. But those who know him closely understand his true value.

The Jawa Rider

If you're ever on the busy roads of Hyderabad and you hear the roar of a **Jawa bike**, chances are it's Karna. For him, the bike isn't just a vehicle. It's a symbol of freedom, of moving forward despite the struggles, and of carving his own path.

When he rides, he forgets the pain of broken dreams and heartbreaks. On that bike, he feels alive, unstoppable, and free. The streets of Hyderabad, the wind on his face, and the sound of his Jawa are reminders that no matter how tough life gets, he still has the strength to keep going.

Looking Ahead

Karna's story is still being written. He may not have achieved everything he dreamed of yet, but he hasn't given up either. He wants to learn new courses, build new skills, and create a life where he feels proud of himself. Deep inside, he knows that the world will one day recognize his worth.

Karna is proof that success is not just about marks or money. Sometimes, it's about loyalty, honesty, and the courage to stay real in a world full of masks. He is the boy who gives 100% — in love, in friendship, in everything. And maybe that's what makes his story so powerful.

Because in the end, no matter how many people doubt him, Karna will rise.

School Days in Hyderabad

Karna's story didn't begin with heartbreaks or jobs. It began with the small lanes of Hyderabad where he spent his school years. He wasn't the loud kid in class, nor the teacher's favorite. He was the one who sat at the back, staring outside the window, lost in his own thoughts.

Teachers often said, *"Karna, you have potential but you're lazy."* And Karna would just smile. He knew he could score high if he wanted, but sometimes he felt school was a race he didn't want to run.

After his 10th exams, he had a small dream: to celebrate with his friends at Tank Bund, riding cycles late into the night. Those memories stayed with him. While others forgot those days in the rush of competitive exams, Karna kept them safe, like photographs in his heart.

The Weight of Expectations

Life after 10th was tough. Everyone around him kept asking:
"What will you take? MPC? BiPC? Commerce?"

Karna quietly said, *"I want hotel management."*

The room went silent. His relatives laughed.
"What will you do with that? Serve food? Be a waiter?"

The words hurt, but he stayed quiet. Inside, he knew hospitality was more than that. It was about dignity, about treating people well. But in India, society doesn't always respect passion.

So, like many kids, Karna sacrificed his dream. He joined BBA, carrying inside him a wound nobody could see.

The Covid Years

When Covid struck, life went from noisy streets to silent rooms. Classes were on Zoom, exams were uncertain, and marks were random. Karna, like thousands of others, felt the system was unfair.

He would sit on his balcony in the evenings, watching the empty Hyderabad roads. Sometimes he would write small notes in his diary:

"When the world is shut, dreams also get locked. But maybe one day, they'll open again."

Those two years shaped him. He saw how fragile life was, how quickly things could change. It made him both stronger and more thoughtful.

Love Like No Other

Karna was never afraid of love. Unlike others who play games, he was direct. When he loved, he gave his heart fully. That's why every breakup cut him deeply.

Once, sitting on his Jawa, he told a friend:
"Bro, when I love, I don't keep Plan B. I go all in. That's why it hurts."

People misunderstood him. They thought he was careless, or maybe even fake. But the truth was, Karna's honesty scared people. In a world where everyone keeps secrets, he was too open, too vulnerable.

Nights in Hyderabad

The city became his silent friend. Many nights, after long days, Karna would ride his Jawa through Necklace Road, Charminar lanes, or Jubilee Hills.

The wind, the lights, the chai stalls — they gave him peace. He would stop at a roadside Irani café, order chai and samosa, and just sit quietly, thinking.

Sometimes, strangers sat with him. They didn't know his story, but he would listen to theirs. That was his nature — always giving time, always understanding, even when no one did the same for him.

Who Karna Really Is

At 24, Karna is more than the world thinks. He is not just a "BBA graduate" or a "lazy boy." He is someone who carries wounds but still smiles. Someone who lost dreams but still dares to dream again. Someone who was doubted but still remains trustworthy.

His bike, his broken dreams, his ex-lovers, his struggles — they all form chapters of his journey. And this journey is not over.

As he often says:
"One day, people will understand me. Till then, let them think what they want. I know who I am."

Epilogue – The Rise of Karna

Maybe Karna's story is not about being the richest, or the most famous. Maybe it's about being real in a fake world.

The boy who once wanted hotel management, who was forced into BBA, who faced heartbreaks and doubts — that boy is still standing. He still trusts. He still loves. He still dreams.

And when the roar of his Jawa echoes through Hyderabad, it is not just a bike sound. It is the sound of a man who refuses to be broken.

Karna's story has just begun.

Chapter 1: College Days and First Love

Once upon a time, there lived a boy named Pratheek. He was getting ready to go to college when his mom stopped him at the door and said gently,
"Oh, don't forget your lunch. I packed your favorite!"

With a half-smile, he replied, "Yes, Maa," and pedaled away on his cycle.

The streets were alive—auto-rickshaws honking, street vendors shouting, and school kids racing to class. Pratheek rode through it all, not knowing that this was the day destiny would plant a seed in his heart.

At college, his tired eyes suddenly locked onto hers. A girl. A stranger. But in that single glance, it was as if silence fell over the buzzing classroom. His heart skipped a beat.

She noticed too. She blushed, looking away, and for Pratheek, that one moment felt like eternity.

The teacher stormed in, breaking their dream-world. “Introduce yourselves!” he ordered.

Pratheek rose nervously. “My name is Pratheek.”
Moments later, the girl stood and said softly, “My name is Neha.”

Names exchanged, hearts stolen. They didn’t dare talk—not yet. But their souls whispered louder than words.

Days passed. Then came the day when Neha’s books slipped from her hand and scattered down the stairs. Pratheek rushed and picked them up. Their fingers brushed for a moment, eyes meeting once again. This time, neither of them looked away.

On exam day, fate tested them again. When the room was silent, Pratheek’s phone kept buzzing. Heads turned. Heat rushed to his cheeks. Embarrassed, he fumbled to switch it off.

After the exam, Neha made her move. Heart pounding, she walked towards him… but he, drowned in shyness, ignored her. He walked away, yet his soul kept replaying her footsteps.

Deep inside, he regretted it. He wanted to speak. And finally, days later, courage walked with him. He went and spoke to her.

Their words lasted only a single minute.
But that one minute was enough. Their hearts met—atoms touching, proving that even invisible bonds can be stronger than steel.

That night, alone in his room, Pratheek drew a heart in his notebook. His mother saw it and warned him, “Love will put you on the road.”
But he didn’t reply. Instead, he opened Instagram and poured his feelings into poetry.

Neha saw the poem. And she smiled.

One day, Pratheek announced his dream—he wanted to write a book. Hours later, a private account messaged him:
“I want to be a part of it.”

It was Neha.

Pratheek’s heart skipped again. “Okay,” he typed back.

Her heart beat fast. It was as if new wings had grown at her back, lifting her higher. Emotions in her veins flowed like the holy Ganga.

For Pratheek, it was divine. All his life, he had been bullied for his height, mocked for being different, even called autistic by cruel mouths. But now, for the first time, he felt wanted. He felt seen.

They agreed on a title: *My Diary.*

Late nights turned into exchanged ideas, endless messages. Words met words, and two hearts danced in whispers.

One evening, Neha messaged:
“Pratheek, what if our diary becomes a story? A story others can live through us?”

He smiled at his screen.
“Yes,” he replied.

Chapter 2: The Land of Yatam

They began writing together.

In their story, they imagined a land named Yatam—a country of dragons, dinosaurs, and greed. A land where corruption was law, hope was crime, and silence was survival.

Pratheek and Neha created the story of a boy and his dragon, betrayed by politicians. The dragon was killed before his very eyes. Fed the dragon’s flesh by tyranny, the boy screamed and vowed to fight. His father tried to hold him back, saying, “Life in Yatam is survival of the cruel.”

But his son replied courageously:
“The sea may not quench thirst directly, but wave after wave it brings food to shore. It unites lovers, it feeds families. Waves carry messages of hope. If even the salty sea gives life—why not us?”

His father, stunned, saluted.

The boy rose and cried before a crowd:
“I, Prathala, stand here not as a politician, not even as just a citizen. I stand as your voice! Our forefathers sacrificed blood for our homeland. Today we are chained by unemployment and corruption. Can we not shed even a drop of blood to free it again?”

The crowd roared. Hope was reborn in Yatam.

Chapter 3: Love and Confessions

Back in real life, Neha smiled reading Pratheek's story. "We went too deep tonight," she said.
Pratheek laughed and typed back, "Haha, yes."

Her cheeks reddened. She hugged her pillow like it was him.

The next morning, standing under the banyan tree in college, Pratheek finally confessed.

"I know it's been only a short time. But every time I see you, I feel alive again. Maybe you're older than me, but does age matter? Can't we walk this path together?"

And with trembling hands, he handed her a folded sheet. A poem written just for her.

Poem for Neha:

Your eyes bloom like lotus in rain,
Your lips—pearls that heal my pain.
When you sing, my soul flies above,
Dancing through skies, touched by love.

When I see you, I see tomorrow,
Carved by joy, free from sorrow.
Thank God the dinosaurs died long ago,
Their bones turned petrol—to make life flow.
That petrol carried your mother's ride,
To the place where you first cried.

Love, these words are all of me,
A request—merge your journey with me.

Neha blushed harder than a tomato. Tears almost glimmered in her eyes. She whispered, “Yes.”

But the moment was interrupted. Their math teacher stormed in and shouted:
“Oye! What is this chewing-gum romance? I’m still single, and you two are acting like film heroes? Go straight to the principal’s office!”

The room laughed. Neha hid her burning face in her palms.

Later, her parents confronted her angrily. But just as they scolded, she said with steady eyes: “Even if we don’t meet again, our hearts are already united.”

Chapter 4: Dreams and Strength

One evening, Neha suddenly woke up. It had been a dream. Yet, when she opened WhatsApp, she texted him:
“The first page was good.”

And that one message carried the weight of the entire dream.

The next day in class, the physics teacher called Pratheek.
“Stand up, forest boy! Look at your hair! Why are your marks so low?”

Pratheek quietly said, “I wasn’t well.”
The teacher sneered, “It’s because you are too weak to handle life.”

Pratheek’s blood rushed. He controlled his anger. He wanted to scream out the pain in his chest, but instead, he clenched his fists underneath the desk and swallowed it.

In his heart, one truth screamed silently:
It's because every day I lose myself whenever I see her face.

The teacher then turned to Neha. "And you—what do you want to become in life?"

Neha paused. She looked at Pratheek once, and saw the silent fire in his eyes. She gathered all courage and replied:

"Anything. Anything… but not like you."

Her words fell like a sword in the air. The class went silent

Chapter 5: The Challenges of Growing Up

As days turned into weeks, Pratheek and Neha's bond deepened, yet life kept throwing challenges their way. Outside the college walls, the world was harsher than they imagined.

Pratheek faced whispers and sideways glances—his height and quiet nature made him an easy target for bullies. Yet, his pen became his shield. Late at night, he poured his pain and hope into his poetry and the growing story that he and Neha were crafting together.

Neha, too, struggled. Her family worried about the future she dared to dream of. "Why waste time on boys and stories?" they scolded. But she held tight to the flame of hope sparked inside her.

Together, they learned that growing up meant facing storms with open hearts, knowing the sun waits patiently behind the clouds.

Chapter 6: The Power of Poetry and Protest

The book *My Diary* was no longer just words on pages—it was a movement. Pratheek and Neha shared their story beyond their circle, inspiring friends and strangers.

One day, a group of students approached them after college. “Your story… it speaks to us. It is our story too.”

The pair realized their voices mattered. They organized poetry nights where hearts found courage, and protests where silence broke into chants.

In those moments, the pain became purpose. The bruises of their youth transformed into badges of resilience.

Chapter 7: Dreams Beyond Yatam

Yatam was not just a fictional land anymore—it felt like the world they lived in.

Pratheek and Neha dreamed of a place where dreams didn’t drown in corruption, where love wasn’t a crime, and where seedlings of hope could grow wild.

Hand in hand, they imagined reaching beyond the mountains of despair, finding places where they could breathe freely, write fearlessly, and love without boundaries.

Their story was becoming bigger than them, a message for all who dared to dream beyond limits.

Chapter 8: Together Against the World

Facing the world was harder than ever, yet Pratheek and Neha found strength in each other.

Every struggle, every doubt, every harsh word only tightened the bond they shared. They learned that love was not just about sweet moments, but about standing firm when the world tried to shake them.

And so, together, they chose to keep writing, keep dreaming, and keep fighting—promising that whatever path lay ahead, they would walk it side by side.

Chapter 9: The Story of Yatam

As Prathala's voice echoed through the air, a heavy silence fell over the crowd. His words carried the weight of generations—pain, hope, and an unyielding desire for change.

The people of Yatam had heard promises before—empty words from politicians who forgot their faces once election day passed. But this voice was different. It trembled with truth, with the fire of someone who had lost everything yet refused to surrender.

Neha looked over at Pratheek, her eyes shining with a spark he recognized all too well. It was the spark of belief—belief that even in the darkest places, light could find a way.

Around them, the crowd stirred. Old men clenched fists long unused to fighting. Mothers wiped away tears formed from years of silent suffering. Youths stood a little taller, awakening to the echo of a voice that spoke for them all.

Prathala lifted his hands and said,
"We are not just citizens; we are the lifeblood of Yatam. Our forefathers' blood

teaches us courage. Our children's future demands action. I call upon each of you—be the wave that brings life back to these shores!

Raise your voices! Break your chains! Ignite the flame that will burn away corruption and despair!"

The crowd erupted into cheers and chants. The storm had begun.

Back in the quiet corners of the college courtyard, Pratheek and Neha sat side by side, their hearts pounding with the echoes of that story.

"It's more than a story," Neha whispered. "It's who we are, isn't it? Fighting invisible battles every day."

Pratheek nodded, feeling an unspoken connection between their scripted tale and their fragile reality.

Their fingers brushed. It was a timid promise—one born from shared dreams and unspoken fears.

Days turned into weeks. The story of Yatam became their anthem.

Prathala's character grew beyond the pages—his courage reminding them to face their own battles: bullying, family pressures, academic struggles, and the loneliness of unspoken love.

The book they were writing was no longer just words. It was a lifeline—a shared heartbeat that carried their hopes into the world.

Chapter 10: Dreams intertwined

The days after their shared storytelling were filled with quiet moments and small, meaningful gestures.

Pratheek and Neha found themselves walking the college corridors together, their hands brushing against each other—sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose.

Their smiles grew softer, eyes lingering longer. Yet, words sometimes escaped them, hidden beneath layers of shy hopes and fears.

One afternoon, as the sun painted golden hues across the campus, Pratheek pulled out his notebook and handed Neha a folded piece of paper.

“I wrote something for you,” he said softly.

Neha’s eyes sparkled as she unfolded the page and read the poem he had penned—words soaked in admiration, pain, and dreams of a future together.

Tears welled in her eyes. “It’s beautiful,” she whispered.

For a moment, the world around them paused. Two souls connected beyond words.

But life was never that simple.

Their families began to notice the closeness between them. Whispers turned into warnings.

“Focus on your studies,” Neha’s mother cautioned. “Don’t be distracted by childish fantasies.”

Pratheek’s parents, though quieter, wore sorrow in their eyes—a silent fear of losing their son to heartbreak.

Despite the pressures, Pratheek and Neha clung to each other's courage. Their book, *My Diary*, grew page by page, filled with stories of love, struggle, and hope.

Each chapter mirrored their own challenges—the bullying that once left Pratheek silent and broken; the expectations that weighed heavily on Neha's shoulders.

But with every word written, they healed.

One evening, unable to sleep, Neha messaged Pratheek,
"Do you think we can ever be truly free? From the world, from judgments, from pain?"

Pratheek's reply came almost immediately,
"Maybe our story isn't just about us. Maybe it's for everyone who feels trapped—our words are wings, and together, we can learn to fly."

Their friendship blossomed into a quiet, steadfast love—one that whispered promises beneath the stars and carried them through the hardest days.

In classrooms, beneath tree shadows, and through late-night messages, they built a world of their own, where dreams dared to breathe.

As exams loomed and futures beckoned, Pratheek and Neha knew their journey was only beginning.

With a shared glance and a hopeful heart, they prepared to face the storms ahead—ready to write the stories yet untold, their love the ink that would never fade.

Chapter 11: Forever Bound

Despite family pressures and societal expectations, Pratheek and Neha's bond only grew stronger. Their book *My Diary* became more than just pages—it became their shared heartbeat.

As exams loomed and futures beckoned, they stood beneath the old banyan tree where they first spoke.

Neha said, "Whatever happens, wherever we go, our hearts will always carry this story."

Pratheek nodded, his eyes reflecting the same eternal promise.

"Even if the world separates us, even if time changes us, the words we've written will remain. Yatam will remain. Our love will remain."

With a shared glance and hopeful hearts, they prepared to face whatever storms lay ahead—ready to write the stories yet untold, their love the ink that would never fade.

Chapter 12: The Awakening of Yatam

In the distant land of Yatam, where dinosaurs still roamed and dragons filled the skies, Prathala's speech had awakened something powerful in the hearts of the oppressed.

The corrupt politicians, who had ruled through fear and silence for generations, now watched in terror as crowds gathered in every corner of the land. The people refused to bow anymore.

Prathala stood before the growing masses, no longer just a boy who had lost his dragon, but a leader forged by pain and tempered by justice.

"Citizens of Yatam!" his voice rang across the valleys. "For too long, we have lived in the shadows of those who feast on our suffering. Today, we reclaim what is rightfully ours!"

The crowd erupted. Old men remembered their strength. Mothers found their voices. Children dared to dream.

Chapter 13: The Fire Spreads

The revolution spread like wildfire across Yatam. Villages that had remained silent for decades now sang songs of freedom. Dragons that had been enslaved by corrupt rulers broke their chains and soared freely across the skies.

Prathala traveled from town to town, his message simple but powerful: "We are not alone. We are united by blood, by pain, and by hope."

The dinosaurs, sensing the change in the land, emerged from hidden forests to join the cause. Even nature itself seemed to support the rebellion.

As the movement grew, the corrupt politicians tried desperately to maintain control, but their power crumbled like sand in the wind.

Chapter 14: The Final Stand

The day of reckoning arrived. The corrupt rulers made their final stand at the palace of Yatam, surrounded by their remaining loyal forces.

Prathala led the people in one last march. Standing before the palace gates, he declared:

"We have proven that even the smallest flame, when united with others, can light up the darkest night. Today, we end the age of corruption!"

The battle was fierce but brief. The people's spirit could not be defeated. One by one, the tyrants fell or fled, leaving behind only the echoes of their crimes.

Chapter 15: The New Dawn

As dawn broke over Yatam, the land was finally free. The corrupt rulers were gone like shadows before the light. The dragons soared peacefully, no longer chained to serve oppression.

Prathala, standing on the palace steps that had once housed tyranny, addressed his people one final time:

"Yatam is free, not because of one voice, but because every heart chose courage over fear. We are the waves that bring life to distant shores."

The dinosaurs roamed peacefully through forests no longer poisoned by greed. Rivers ran clear. Children laughed without fear.

And in the distance, where the sea met the shore, waves continued their eternal dance—bringing life, carrying hope, uniting hearts across all lands.

Yatam was reborn.

Chapter 16: The Beginning of the End

Years had passed since that first glance in the college classroom. Pratheek and Neha had grown, their dreams taking shape in ways they never imagined.

Their book *My Diary* had been published and touched countless hearts. People wrote to them, sharing how their story of young love and courage had inspired them to chase their own dreams.

Standing in the same college courtyard where they once exchanged stolen glances, now as accomplished writers, they looked back at their journey.

"Do you remember," Neha said softly, "when you first handed me that poem?"

Pratheek smiled, his eyes still holding the same spark they had years ago. "How could I forget? You blushed redder than a tomato."

They laughed, the sound carrying across the empty campus.

"We've come so far from those scared kids who were afraid to even talk to each other," Neha continued.

"But you know what hasn't changed?" Pratheek asked, taking her hand. "This feeling. The way my heart still skips when I see you."

As the sun set behind the banyan tree that had witnessed their first confession, they realized this wasn't really an ending at all. It was the beginning of something even more beautiful.

"Our story isn't ending," Neha whispered. "It's just beginning a new chapter."

Pratheek squeezed her hand. "Forever and always."

And with that promise echoing in their hearts, they walked forward into their future—a future they would write together, one beautiful page at a time.

Chapter 1 – The Kingdom of PrakshitIn the cradle carved by ancient mountains and sung over by silver rivers, the kingdom of Prakshit arose—a shining beacon surrounded by wild lands. Its marble towers gleamed with pride, their golden banners fluttering in the wind like captured flames. The air was thick with incense, joy, and whispered legends.At the heart of these tales stood King Prakshit — the conqueror who had laid low a monstrous titan, a beast so vast and fierce it had once cast shadows across the earth itself. His victory was the birth of a new dawn, a fragile peace held dear by all.But peace wears thin, and shadows grow beneath calm skies.Three monstrous offspring of the fallen titan — Ishu, Shshu, and Fju — lay hidden in the forests' deepest dark, their eyes burning with crimson hate. Their claws scraped earth like thunder’s prelude, patience sharpening their rage.Whispers of their stirring reached the kingdom. The land held its breath.King Prakshit called all—soldiers, farmers, women, children—to arms. The people forged weapons in frantic hope, their hearts heavy yet resolute.When the monsters came, fire and fury followed.Ishu's breath lit fields aflame, Shshu’s claws carved hillsides apart, and Fju’s roar shook villages to dust. Screams of terror

and bravery filled the air.Yet, amid desperation, the kingdom’s ancient magic lived once more. Runes glowed with power, chants of old gods rolled over fields, and alchemy forged bonds of flame and light that trapped the beasts beneath stone and spirit.Victory shone dim beneath loss.Fields were burned to ash; homes lay in ruin. Orphans, countless and trembling, stared into futures pierced by grief.From the palace steps, King Prakshit’s voice rose, grave and unshakable:“Half of these children shall be warriors—steel and shield of this land. Half shall be scholars—keepers of wisdom and light. Both will rise as pillars strong enough to hold this kingdom’s fate.”Some children lifted eyes fierce with fury; others hollow with silence. Childhood had ended.Thus began the saga of Prakshit’s children
.Chapter 2 – The BrothersAmong the orphaned stood two brothers, marked by fate’s differing hands.Pratheek Chakravarty, the elder, was tall, his frame honed by fire and tenacity. His eyes glowed like steady embers—fierce yet measured. He was called to the warrior path, destined to master sword and bow, to stand as the kingdom's shield.Sritheek, smaller and quieter, was marked for knowledge. His mind wandered labyrinths of symbols and meaning, wrestling with doubts as shadows clung to him. His path was that of the scholar, the mind in search of light within darkness.Though their worlds diverged, Pratheek sought out Sritheek often. In the quiet halls filled with ink and whispered prayers, he found his brother one day, defeated by confusion and frustration.“Brother, why do you look so lost?” Pratheek asked with soft concern.Sritheek lowered his gaze, burdened by self-doubt.“The lessons twist and slip away. My mind feels like a river too wild to harness.”King Prakshit, visiting then, laid a kindly hand upon Sritheek’s shoulder.“Do not despair. His spirit is vast but still seeking its steady course. Time and patience will reveal his light.”Pratheek's heart surged quietly with relief.Meanwhile, he immersed himself deeper into war’s crucible—steel biting flesh, arrows singing death, tactics unfolding like storm clouds. His name grew murmured beside the crackle of campfires, a promise of strength to his people.In this tumult stepped Neha, healer and strategist, her wisdom deep as rivers stone-carved by time. Her presence was a quiet flame amid relentless strife, and between her and Pratheek a tender bond grew, fragile yet enduring.But beneath their light, darker tides rose in silence
.Chapter 3 – The Prophecy and ShaheerPeace was a flickering candle in the night.During a council beneath vaulted skies and flickering torchlight, King Prakshit’s voice cut like steel:“Our monsters remain bound but ten years. When Dharma Shanta’s bells toll, their servants shall return. We must ready every sword, every mind, every heart.”Within court shadows stirred restless ambitions.Shashank, second in battle but first in envy, forged a cursed blade near blackened forge fires. Blood and chaos pulsed in its temper—a weapon alive with dark hunger.His secret ally, Shaheer, whispered poison through gilded halls, weaving plots beneath smiles. The sword was hidden, awaiting doom’s hour.Meanwhile, under moonlit scrolls, Pratheek studied ancient knowledge—explosive sodium, scarring sulphuric acid, and the sacred chessboard capable of summoning past heroes’ spirits.Yet, Sritheek slipped deeper into shadowed silence, and worry gripped the elder’s heart.The bells awaited their toll.

Chapter 4 – The First Monster and the SwordThe earth trembled beneath skies blackening as the bells of Dharma Shanta tolled. From mountain shadows emerged a creature forged from stone and fire—its veins flowing molten lava, eyes ablaze with eternal wrath.Shashank’s pride blazed fiercer than fear. Reckless, he charged, steel clashing against molten hide in a furious dance of death. Sparks screamed through the air like cries from a dying star.Minute by agonizing minute, the battle raged, until a final, breath-breaking

strike laid the beast low.But Shashank did not survive the victory. Charred and broken, lie he did among the beast's ruin.The cursed sword, however, endured—its dark hunger unquenched, seeping like poison into shadows unseen.Shaheer bent low to whisper oaths to the soil:"Rest, brother of envy. Your fire becomes mine, flame sent to devour the future."When Pratheek arrived, weary and wary, Shaheer barred his way:"This ground is forbidden. Leave
it."Neither knew the curse had already taken root where the sword's shadow touched.Chapter 5 – The Second MonsterYears passed like slow storms.Then came a venomous betrayal—the king felled by a serpent's bite, venom whispered to be no accident but a silent blade from unseen hands. Secrets to defeating the monsters died with him.Dark wings swept the skies—the second beast descended wearing mirror-black scales, eyes coals burning with deceit and destruction.Soldiers and scholars alike took arms. Ten warriors, led by Pratheek, faced fury incarnate.Shaheer's treachery revealed at last—his flesh fused grotesquely with beast's fire and fury—spawn of nightmare born of man and monster entwined.Chaos swallowed the battlefield whole
.Chapter 6 – The Chessboard of SritheekAmid chaos, hope was summoned from ancient memory.Within a crumbling archive rested the sacred chessboard—carved by star-priests when the kingdom was young, its tiles glowing softly beneath dust.Only Sritheek could command it. But despair shackled his will, doubt clouding his mind.In the frenzy of battle, Pratheek knelt to his brother:"Forgive my harsh words, brother. You are the key to our salvation."Tears traced lines down Sritheek's cheeks as he whispered:"Then I will try."Slowly, he moved the pieces, ancient words rolling from his lips.Spirits rose, golden-armored warriors born from memories and honor.Together, they struck. Pratheek loosed his final arrow, guided by ancestral voices, piercing the beast's molten heart. Silence crushed the battlefield.
Chapter 7 – The Third Monster and NaousPeace was fleeting.The third and greatest beast awakened—towering, terrifying, scarred by dark years.Pratheek fought with Neha and Sritheek, but the cursed sword's shadow consumed him from within.At the breaking edge of despair, Naous—the sixteen-year-old son of Pratheek—came forward.With the courage of ages, he pulled the darkness from his father, holding it in his young hands.The price was steep; Naous collapsed lifeless, his light snuffed out beneath the storm of war.Pratheek cradled his son, grief an unbreakable chain, his resolve hardened like tempered steel
.Chapter 8 – Divine InterventionIn his darkest hour, Pratheek's prayers pierced heaven.The gods answered—his ancestors descended like stars reborn, lending strength beyond mortal bounds.A divine demon wielding a sword forged from celestial blood and titanium joined the fray.Together, they forced the beast into a body of water.The Lord poured miraculous sodium upon the waves.Explosions of heavenly fire erupted, purifying the land and shattering the last shadow of Shaheer's curse.The skies cleared. The kingdom breathed anew.

Chapter 9 – The Beginning of the EndingThe kingdom of Prakshit mourned its scars.Naous was gone, his sacrifice etched deeply into every heart. Though peace had returned, its shadow lingered like a wound unhealed.In the quiet aftermath, Sritheek turned to his brother. His voice was steady but carried the weight of unseen battles yet to come:"This is not the end, Pratheek. Our story twists onward, even now."Pratheek grasped his divine sword with renewed purpose:"Then let them come. We are ready."But fate, relentless and unyielding, began assembling darker pieces beyond their sight
.Chapter 10 – The Rise of IolasYears swept onward, legends passed into memory.Pratheek's time ended; Sritheek and Neha followed, and the kingdom's shield

weakened. From the shadows rose a figure—Iolas, brilliant scholar and skilled warrior, with eyes gleaming with ambition and hunger for power.Silently, he struck. He bribed guards, assassinated kings, and seized the throne amid whispered lies.The people believed their king died honorably. None foresaw the darkness that now crowned their land.
Chapter 11 – The Monster Form of IolasIolas wove forbidden magic with his twisted pets—creatures born of shadow and decay.His body warped, growing eight feet tall, ten arms sprawled like a demon, four legs pounding earth and stone as he tore through monuments and warehouses.Hunger and despair spread like a plague
.Chapter 12 – Sritheek's Chessboard LegacyBeyond the veil of death, Sritheek's spirit watched, whispering guidance to three chosen heroes: Ishann, Naryana, and Ujian.They began a perilous quest—braving poisoned forests and unnatural foes, battling Iolas's corrupted guards and the undead citizens twisted into zombies.At the heart of their mission lay the magical chessboard, the kingdom's last hope.
Chapter 13 – The Chessboard Battle BeginsThe heroes reclaimed the chessboard, glowing softly in their hands.Naryana moved pieces with steady hands; spectral warriors rose, their armor gleaming with ancient light.Ishann and Ujian defended the summoning, battling zombie hordes while magic rippled across the battlefield like waves of starlight.The chess game was no longer a pastime—it was a battlefield breathing and fighting, every move summoning allies or tearing foes asunder.
Chapter 14 – Iolas vs. The HeroesIolas surged back with fury unmatched, his monstrous form tearing through the warriors' lines.Naryana, still steady, placed a counter—trapping the dark king within glowing pools of magical sodium. Her prayers rose to the gods as rainclouds gathered.The heavens answered. A torrential downpour slammed the battlefield, its water washing away the pets and creatures Iolas had summoned, their dark power dissolving beneath the cleansing storm
.Chapter 15 – Freeing the KingdomIshann struck with unerring precision, cutting down the scattered forces of Iolas.Meanwhile, Ujian ventured into the ancient magical forests, seeking remedies to cure the cursed citizens twisted into zombie slaves.Their combined strength reclaimed the land.Iolas, wounded and defeated, fled into the night, his rage loose and wild. The battle spread from the ground to the skies—arrows splitting clouds, magic sparkling against darkness
.Chapter 16 – The Final ConfrontationThe heroes united like threads woven into a shield.Naryana's strategies guided every step, her mind sharp as obsidian.Ishann's blades ripped through the darkest forces, every strike calculated and sure.Ujian's potions healed the bruised and burdened, restoring breath amid the storm.The battlefield became a dance of steel, light, and fire.Traps of sodium and sulphuric acid burned bright and fierce, sealing Iolas's doom
.Chapter 17 – Divine ClosureWith a final, earth-shaking roar, Iolas and his monstrous minions fell.From the heavens descended King Prakshit's spirit, blessing the survivors with a sacred song—a hymn of heroism, resilience, and unity meant to echo through the ages.Peace, hard-won, began to settle once more.

Chapter 18 – Rebuilding PrakshitSlowly, like the breaking dawn, Prakshit awoke anew.Monuments were rebuilt from shattered stone. Farms were sown again in once-barren fields. Wards of magic were scribed upon the city walls, guarding against darkness's return.The heroes' names became legends carved into hearts and stone alike.

THOUGHTS OF PRATHEEK

Main Hindustani hoon, yeh khoon ke har katre mein hai, Angrez gaya, par uska saya ab bhi mere mann mein kahin hai. Ab main uss andhere ko roshni se jala raha hoon, Apni soch, apni awaaz, apne karam se usse mita raha hoon.

Mera dharm, mera jaat - sab kuch ek taraf, Mera tiranga - sab kuch se upar. Hamare beech bhed ki deewar jaati ne banayi, Par angrez bhi humein hara na paye, woh taqat kahaan laayi?

Main apni jaan bhi desh ko arpan karunga, Kisi kursi, kisi naam, kisi fame ke liye nahi jiyunga. Jab jhukega mera sharir, Uss din chhaya hoga Bharat ka tiranga - sabse upar, sabse pyaara, sabse nirmal.

Main Hindustani Hoon" -Pratheek ke shabdon mein

Main ek Hindustani hoon -Mera naam hai Pratheek. Mujhe chaar bhaashaayein aati hain: Hindi, Telugu , aur Angrezi

Main Angrezi mein baat karta hoon-Kyuki hamare desh mein Bachpan se humein wahi sikhaya gaya Par meri aatma baat karti hai meri mitti ki bhaasha mein. Mere ragon mein jo khoon behta hai, Woh sirf Bharatiya hai.

Haan, main Angrezi bolta hoon, Lekin iska matlab yeh nahi ki maine apni jaden bhool gayi hain-Main use bolta hoon kyunki mujhe wahi sikhaya gaya, Ek aise desh mein jahan Angrezi ab zarurat ban gayi hai.

Phir bhi main garv se kehta hoon-Chahe mujhe Hindi padhna utna accha na aaye, Chahe main Telugu hamesha na boloon, Mera dil sirf Bharat ke liye dhadakta hai.

Toh mere shabdon ko galat mat samajhna, Kyuki meri rooh hamesha jhukti hai Us mitti ke saamne jisne mujhe janam diya, Us Bharat ke saamne jisne mujhe jeena sikhaya.

Main ek naya particle hoon Aur mere se ek nayi shrushti janam legi.

Meri height chhoti ho sakti hai, Par mera dimag Hindustan ka hai.

Tere height se nahi hoti pehchaan, Teri soch banati hai teri shaan.

Main Pratheek hoon Na chhota, na bada - ek misaal hoon.

Hamare paas Hindustan ka dimaag hai.

Koi tareeka nahi chahiye.

Jo likhta hoon, woh mehsoos hota hai.

Bolta kam hoon, Par har lafz lava ban ke girta hai.

Main hoon aur mera hona hi kaafi hai.

Your name doesn't matter. How you look doesn't matter. Because I know what's inside you.

I might have never met you -But I already know you. You're just... too good.

No one's perfect. But there's this thing called time-And it brings you chances. Opportunities. Moments to rise. And you will.

Go out there and conquer this world. I believe in you. You're capable - more than you know.

And yes... There will be days you feel broken. Sad. Alone. Maybe even lost.

But hear me -Come out of that. Because the world doesn't need perfection.

It needs you. Your light. Your truth. Your story.

And I swear Vou have the power to change this world.

My Life Is Within Me

This life... it lives inside me. I don't always know what to do. This world - this strange, spinning world -pretends to understand me, but never truly does.

Physics, chemistry - subjects of the mind. But what about the heart? What about that deep silence where no book can reach?

Knowledge doesn't equal maturity. You can be filled with facts and still be empty of truth.

Why do we offer chocolates to the ones we don't understand?

Why do we act like hosts in a life we never invited?

You won't understand me.

Only He does -the one who sits beyond this noise.

The one I call my God.

Life Is a Given Story, Sweetheart

Life is already given – a story handed to you, sweetheart. In this story, do what your heart tells you to do. Eat what brings you joy. Choose what gives you peace.

Because in one kind of life, you'll find happiness in small things. In another kind of life - the one that looks big and impressive you may feel nothing at all.

No smiles. No real joy. You won't be able to do anything truly meaningful. And that life...

That life will be wasted.

Hell isn't beneath your feet, It's in the tears you cry at 3 AM.

In the silence after failure,

In the hunger when your

dreams are starving.

Heaven isn't above the skies, It's in the calm after a storm inside you, In the peace after a war you fought alone, In the sunrise after your darkest night.

People wait for a next life -But this life already has both gates. You walk through fire? That's Hell.

You rise again? That's Heaven.

Nothing comes for free in this world.

Not joy, not peace, not even love. You want warmth? Earn it. You want light? Become it. You want to rule? Bleed for it.

This country gave you a land, This time gave you a chance. So what are you waiting for?

Go-Face Hell like a warrior, And build Heaven with your own hands. Because in this life, Only the brave become legends.

I Am the Sultan (Born from Fire)"

I'm not a slave to anyone. I walk like a king - no crown, no name.

Pain? That's not my weakness

It's the furnace that forged me.

I don't need music to study.

I don't chase motivation.

My scars are symphonies.

My silence is strength.

I don't bow-Irise. Alone? Maybe. But never empty. Something stronger than love walks with me.

You see fire-I was born in it.

You see scars - I call them medals.

You see silence - I call it peace.

You call me Sultan?

Keep your titles. I didn't come to rule you -I came to rewrite what ruling even

The Knife That Teaches - But Love Still Burns"

- Pratheek

Pain doesn't knock. It breaks the door. It doesn't whisper. It screams inside my core.

Even when I'm loved, Pain finds a crack. Even with arms around me, It creeps through the back.

It's not because I have no love

I do. I swear I do. But pain doesn't care about warmth. It only cares what's true.

Love can hold my hand, But pain still grips my throat. One says "breathe," the other "bleed," And I... just float.

Float in a storm that never sleeps, With lightning eyes and thundered skin. But love is there-a fire in the cold, Flickering, faint... but it burns within.

I don't cry because I'm unloved, I cry because I feel too much. Pain is the blade that cuts me open, But love is the stitch - the gentle touch.

So let pain be my poison, But love will be my fight. I'll bleed if I must, burn through the night.

The Ink Warrior

A warrior whose sword is not forged of steel, But dipped in ink, sharp, silent, real. He doesn't slay beasts or conquer land, He slays confusion with a pen in hand.

Three foes in every question stand tall, He strikes them down, one and all. No armor gleams upon his chest, But knowledge builds his battle vest.

He faces trials the world can't see, Yet wakes each day, unchained, free. You may not know him, just walk past -But he's rising slow, rising fast.

He writes, he reads, he stands, he grows, He takes the long path, not the lows. And when the world looks back one day. It'll find his name carved in the way.

You're Like the Ocean in Space by Pratheek

You're like the ocean in space

We took ages to discover you. Vaster than Earth's own tides, Still, we only see a glimpse of you.

You are deeper than our maps allow, Greater than this world somehow. If you wished, you'd flood our skies, Yet you stay silent-A mystery in disguise.

We're still discovering your soul, Like stars hidden behind night's scroll. You are more than Earth can hold-Untamed, eternal, bold.

The Warrior of Truth"

by Pratheek (combined)

He walks through fire the world can't see, With scars of silence and dignity. No sword of steel, just ink and page, an A young soul carrying a ancient rage.

They cheer the winner, ignore the fight, No one asks if you sleep at night. You wear no armor, yet carry the weight Of dreams delayed, and twisted fate.

They said, "Be happy," when you were small, But now they watch you break and fail. Trust fades like whispers in the storm, And warmth feels distant from the norm.

Friends may leave, and love may lie, Even tears, at times, run dry. You crave a world that holds you tight-But find yourself alone each night.

Still, in the dark, a spark remains, You rise with every ache and strain. For hope, though hidden, stays alive-And gives you strength just to survive.

So carry your books, your thoughts, your pain, Even if sunshine turns to rain. You're more than marks, more than the race, You're fire, truth, and endless grace.

"Bigger Than Time"

You're like Jupiter - vast, powerful, silent. Almost a failed star, But only because the world couldn't see The fire building in your core.

You are greater than Earth, Wider than oceans, And if you wished, You could flood the sky with your storm.

You're the ocean in space -Still being discovered, Still misunderstood, But undeniably infinite.

Time tried to hold you back, Wrapping you in silence. But silence is where your strength sharpened.

And when you rise Brighter than the Sun Even time will whisper, "I couldn't stop him."

You sip coffee to stay up... I stare at my scars and still don't sleep.

I won't bend to your system. I'll build my own -And still win.

I carry a thousand scars. But they're building my armor. And this armor? Stronger than your judgments.

I never refuse pain. I turn it into power.

I am me. I don't wanna be anyone else. Born from the dark -Here to rule the light.

My Lotus

From a seed so small, hidden and still, You grew in the waters, by fate's gentle will. Makhana pool, born from lotus seeds, A bloom that answers my heart's quiet needs.

The bloom you've made, the whole world will admire, Its fragrance will lift every soul higher. Not only will they see - they will feel it too, For its warmth runs deep, as deep as you.

No, it's not the absence of love from my nest, It's just that your care feels like the rest. A different love, yet just as pure, A bond that blooms, steady and sure.

So go, my lotus, in sun and in rain, Your beauty will heal, your scent will remain. And wherever life's winding rivers flow, You'll carry the light I've come to know.

Not a man... a flame. In our hearts, only one name Thala.

Leader of fire, brighter than the sun. Cool like ice, unbroken.

Stop him? Impossible. Block him? He grows stronger.

He's thunder - strike at him, you burn. Silent till he arrives... In rain, he walks. In night, he burns.

I Speak Today - As a Bharati By Pratheek

I was born in Bharat, my sacred land, Her love and care forever grand.

She gave us the Ganga, flowing with grace, Like knowledge in our minds - vast as the Indian Ocean's space.

We are as kind as Kashmiri snow.

Yet fierce as the Rajasthani desert when anger must show.

Our motherland holds all the world's delight, The Himalayas rise, lifting dreams to the height.

She gave us Vivekananda, to awaken our soul, And APJ Abdul Kalam, to help dreams take their goal.

And like Dashrath Manjhi, with unwavering will. Who carved through a mountain-love driving him still.

Life is like an ice cream.

Different flavours.

Different states.

Sometimes it melts in your hand, Sometimes it's hard as a rock.

You can buy it for ₹19, Or for a thousand

But both give you the same truth: Taste is what you work for. And life... Is about those little moments, Sitting quietly in the corners of the circle.

That first spoon?

Pure magic. But too many spoons, And even sweetness can feel heavy.

Most people pick chocolate. Safe. Sweet. Easy. Few dare to choose pistachio. Not because it's not sweet -

It is.

But chocolate...

Always hides it.

O Mother Bharat, to youl say, I'll serve and protect you every day

Tiranga Sabse Upar By Pratheek

Mera dharam, mera jaat -sab kuch ek taraf, Meri Bharat Mata ka tiranga hai sabse upar.

Kitni bhi ho pehchaan, kitni bhi ho shaan, Ek rang hai jo sabse bada, mera tiranga mahaan.

Yahan sab cultures milte hain, Dil se dil judte hain. Lahu hai rangeen, par vatan ka rang hai pyara, Usme basa hai bhaiyara.

Na dharm rok sakta hai, Na jaat alag kar sakti hai, Jo bhi hoon, jahan bhi hoon, Mera tiranga mere saath hai, meri pehchaan rakhti hai.

Mera dharam, mera jaat -sab kuch ek taraf, Meri Bharat Mata ka tiranga hai sabse upar.

Poems & Stories

Poems are meant to be written, not copied from some source.

People wrote to express their feelings - these poems hold an emotion you can only feel if you've been in that state.

People tell stories for two

reasons: to enjoy them, and to feel them.

so that you will know how to be in that situation when it comes.

And just like life, both poems and stories are never perfect

but their beauty lies in the truth they carry, the silent lessons they leave behind, and the way they stay in your heart long after the words are gone.

I type my way through the keyboard, Or write the words like a fountain poured. With a fountain pen , you can only write some, You have to refill before more will come.

The words we write are from the heart, We try to make them dance, a living art. To sing when it rains cats and dogs above, Spilling the ink with a touch of love.

I know it is hard to use a fountain pen, But the ink flows out again and again. More beautiful than the work it adorns, Is the ink itself - where the beauty is born

One to Nine 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9-Not just symbols in a simple line.

They count our steps, they mark our years, They hold our laughter, they weigh our tears.

From the first breath to the final sigh, Numbers stand silent, watching us try. In markets, in games, in the songs we hum, They bind us together, all hearts as one.

No matter the tongue, no matter the land, 1 through 9 we all understand. More than mere figures-they tell our story, Of struggle, of hope, of fleeting glory.

The clouds drift above, shaped like countries floating in the air, while real countries lie silent on the land below.

The night has come-the moon shines softly, borrowing light from the sun that hides away for now.

Yet the darkness is never empty. Every house glows, each lamp a little dream, each dream a flame that lights the hidden corners of the world.

The sky, the earth, the moon, the homes-all whisper together: even in the dark, there is light, and even in silence, life is singing.

"Dreams may hold the past, or whisper the unseen future. They carry the weight of what we read today, where imagination climbs to its highest peak like the full moon shining above the earth.

The cosmos speak... where the night is beautiful, where one side of the world sleeps away into its dreams, and the other side wakes up shaking off dreams that so many never want to leave.

To our eyes, the moon seems vast, infinite yet in truth, it is smaller than the world it lights. So too are our dreams appearing larger than life, but carried within us, fragile, flickering, eternal.

And as the cosmos turn, as one half closes its eyes while the other opens them, we realize: dreams are the bridge, a language the universe whispers between sleep and waking, between what we are and what we wish to be."**

O vast sky, mighty and infinite, Endless to our eyes, As deep as the ocean, As countless as the salt within it.

Light may pierce you, Yet never reach your end -You hold infinity in silence, Where even stars bow to your depth.

You protect us without pride, Shielding us from the fire of the Sun, Filtering the light, As though it were not even your task.

You bear the weight of storms, Carry clouds like warriors on your chest. Yet, instead of rage, You pour rain to feed the Earth.

You stretch beyond what we see, A throne of infinity, And still, you remain humble -Guarding us, guiding us, Without asking for worship.

O sky, Teach us to be vast without arrogance, Strong without cruelty, Infinite without forgetting love.

For in your silence, Lies the greatest truth -To live, to give, to protect... Without ever seeking return.

Sweet it might be, a casual bite for a festival night, or a late hour delight, its birthplace whispered as Kalikatta, where even an extra letter hides like sugar melting in silence.

But sweets are not just sugar-they hold the depth of sweetness, an emotion that sinks into the acidic monster of the stomach, a thousand forms born from a single art.

Making a sweet is as hard as truth, an art not with brush or paint, but with hands-hands that move as brushes, dough and sugar their paint, shaping memories no one can repeat.

They carry taste, they carry feeling, sometimes filling a heart, sometimes draining a pocket. Yet, in every bite lies a story of love, labor, and longing-the endless poetry of sweetness

Tension

Tension lives in a rope, It holds a pulley tight. It creeps into the young man's chest, And the old man's sleepless night.

It hides in the exam hall, Filling students with fear, Concepts vanish from the brain, Only tension stays clear.

When you lose a single note, Tension runs without stop, It climbs your mind like Everest, And sits heavy on the top.

It sat beside my mother, While she worried I might fall. It walked with my father, As he carried the weight of it all.

Tension - you never left the rope, You never left our home, Vou live in every mind and heart, Never letting us roam.

The Sea

The sea - endless, yet it cannot quench your thirst. It rises before you, wave after wave, crashing at your feet.

You may fall, you may lose again and again. No light guides your path, yet still... you reach out, clinging to that fragile dream,

Hoping, believing, that one day you will win.

And in the darkness, you clutch your dream tight winning it with every breath.

Yes, you can do it. There is a fire within you, not yet burning... but when it does, it will rise brighter than the sun.

Spread your wings and let your dreams flow, as fast as the strands of the river Ganga.

There might be storms, and you might be standing on a bridge made of wood, hanging between two mountains. Rocks may crash toward you, the sounds may scare you, and sometimes you might feel like you've lost all support.

There might be fog around you, with only one light flickering in the mountains. Forests cover the land, and dangerous animals move in the shadows. You walk in the dark, guided only by that single, shaking flame.

There will be times when you cannot find the right way, when every path looks broken, and every step feels heavy. But still, you go taking rest on the way, gathering strength to rise again.

And in the silence of that journey, there is always a hope in your heart that one day you will win.

Yet still, you walk. Because the path is yours, and the dream is yours.

In the center of the Himalaya, I see myself trekking with sticks in my hands-sticks that are more than wood, they are my support, my balance, my strength.

I climb and climb, passing by horses and carts, where every life works hard, each step a struggle just to reach the top.

At night, I sleep in a tent, cramped, wrapped in layers of clothes.

I look up through the thin fabric and the stars blink down at me.

The sound of water flowing beneath, slipping into my ears like a lullaby.

It is not comfort, but it is truth.

It is not easy, but it is real

A Truth Deeper Than Life
by Pratheek

Life is unfair for some people,
Life is happy for some people.
Life can be tough,
Society doesn't care about you—
It cares about your money.

Happiness is not always there.
Love is a mixed emotion.
When you think you have everything,
You still lack one thing—
And that’s what society sees.

And now you die.
But when you were a kid,
They said, “Die happy.”
But you die sad,
Because you're part of this rat race.

And you can't end this,
Because nobody wants you to succeed—
Only your parents,
Your friends,
And maybe your siblings.

No one else cares.
So just learn how cruel society is.

You ran the race,
You chased the light,
But the world was never fair—
It buried your fight.

They ask for results,
They don’t ask how you feel.
They love the winners,
But ignore what’s real.

And in this chaos,
If you choose kindness—

If you hold love—
You’ve already won,
Even if the world never says so.

Poem 2 – “The Truth of Growing”

Life is filled with sorrow,
Life can be hard,
It isn’t the dream you saw as a child,
It’s cruel, it’s cold, and often unkind.

You can't survive with innocence alone,
The world demands a mask of stone.
But now you study, chasing light,
Fighting battles deep in night.

And now you have everything — they say,
But inside, you feel far away.
Marks, medals, praise — they shine so bright,
Yet you crave peace in silent night.

For what is success without a soul?
What is winning if you're not whole?
This world will test your every breath,
But hold on — rise above regret.

Poem 3 — “An Old Soul in a Young Body”

Life can change when you work hard,
Enjoyment is temporary — just a spark in the dark.
Life is not permanent, not a guarantee,
But still, we search for meaning endlessly.

So kids, listen — I know I might sound boring,
People will underestimate you without warning.
Marks don’t matter — you matter.
Try to live a good life, not just chase what’s on the platter.

I know it feels impossible — but someone, maybe you,
Can bring the change, break the loop, see it through.
Don’t overthink the future, it will soon become now,
And when it does, just live — you’ll figure out how.

Everything may come with money — fame, status, power,
But the stress you go through steals joy by the hour.
And in the end, I whisper this truth softly:
“I’m an old soul, living in a young body.”
Nobody cares about you, they just act like they do,

When life turns dark, they’ll walk away too.
The people you trusted, the ones you held tight,
Will leave in silence, not even a fight.

Poem 4 They swore they'd stay, they promised they'd try,
But when you were low, they passed you by.
Trust isn’t forever, it fades like a flame,
And you’re left with questions, guilt, and shame.

Money comes first — that's the world's rule,
Love without wealth? You’re just a fool.
When your pockets are empty, your worth disappears,
And all of your smiles turn into tears.

That’s when you learn, the harshest truth:
The world isn’t built to care for your youth.
Trust is a thread, once broken — it’s done,
And life teaches lessons you never outrun.

Nobody cares about you, they just act like they do,
When life turns dark, they’ll walk away too.
The people you trusted, the ones you held tight,
Will leave in silence, not even a fight.

They swore they'd stay, they promised they'd try,
But when you were low, they passed you by.
Trust isn’t forever, it fades like a flame,
And you’re left with questions, guilt, and shame.

Money comes first — that's the world's rule,
Love without wealth? You’re just a fool.
When your pockets are empty, your worth disappears,
And all of your smiles turn into tears.

That’s when you learn, the harshest truth:
The world isn’t built to care for your youth.
Trust is a thread, once broken — it’s done,
And life teaches lessons you never outrun.

Poem 5 – “Hope”
Hope can be hard to find,
But if you hold it —
Trust me,
No one can stop you.

I know you can do something extraordinary.
Don’t think you’re dumb.
You’re smart —

In your own way.

Ball, Bat, Aur Mera Jazba"

A poem by Pratheek – the boy who turns pain into power

Bhai, jab ball pakadta hoon na…
Us ball ke saath meri kahani bhi uthata hoon,
Aur jab bowling karta hoon,
To apne andar ke jazbaat ball ke saath pitch pe fek deta hoon.

Bat mere haath mein talwar ban jaata hai,
Aur jab koi batsman reverse sweep marta hai,
Main usme zindagi ki ek story dekhta hoon —
A comeback. A fight. A hope.

Cricket ke har shot mein ek real-life partnership chhupi hoti hai,
Ek trust, ek sync, ek timing.
Waisa hi toh hota hai dosti mein, mohabbat mein,
Jab dono samajhte hain bina bole — bas khelte hain dil se.

Fielding ke dauraan jab ball ke peeche daudta hoon,
To lagta hai jaise zindagi ke goals ko chase kar raha hoon,
Aur jab catch pakadta hoon —
Ek moment ka magic feel hota hai, jaise jeet gaya duniya.

Soft tennis se maine shuru kiya,
Stumper ban gaya, glaze ball mera spark ban gayi,
Har shot ke saath apna level badhta gaya,
Jaise game ke saath main bhi evolve hota gaya.

Cricket aur zindagi dono ek jaise hain —
Careful bhi khel sakta hoon, fun bhi,
Aur agar chaahoon, to dangerously bhi.

Main chahata hoon koi ho jo mere saath khele —
Sirf cricket nahi…
Zindagi.
Bat meri talwar hai,
Ball mera passion hai,
Aur field mera battlefield hai.
Main haar ke liye nahi bana —
Main comeback ke liye bana hoon.